

of San Martino, (the valley of the Germanasca).
 This valley is scarcely wider than the bed
 of the torrent which runs through it. It is
 entirely surrounded ~~with~~ by lofty
 mountains & rugged rocks, the only
 entrance into it - is by a single narrow
 pass. Here & there, the traveller comes upon
 a pretty grove of chestnut trees. The chestnut,
 made into a kind of paste, forms an
 important part of the food of the people.
 Here the Waldenses, 367 in number,
 entrenched themselves; & they held
 this natural fortress for six months
 against - an army of 22,000 French &
Stations Piedmontese. Henry Armand
 hurriedly has left the story of this
 wonderful defence. ~~the~~ camp, describing
 the rocky ravine they held, - "The Balio, or, as
 it was called, the Castle, is a lofty & very
 steep rock, rising by three different
 terraces on each of which entrenchments
 were made, & supplied with a large
 store of stones to hurl at the assailants.
 The access to it - is everywhere difficult;
 the side on which it - is east - so is from a
 torrent which runs from its feet. Trees
 were cut down & disposed across this
 opening that the branches should be opposed
 to the assailants, & layers of trees was loaded
 with large stones, on which were again placed
 trees secured in the same manner, & so on.
 The enemy gained the first barricade of
 trees, but their utmost efforts were unable
 to remove them; the Waldenses fired
 or tremendous fire, the greater part were ~~lost~~
 stretched on the ground, while the besieged
 did

did not lose a single man. In about twenty the French returned to the attack, & surrounded the Balie with batteries, the fire from which soon destroyed the rude entrenchments of the Waldenses. ^{For} ~~There~~ thought of nothing but how to make their escape, but the huge fires kept up by the French made it impossible to do this under cover of the night. At the very moment when a most cruel death seemed to be preparing for them, a fog arose to screen them, & a friendly guide offered his help, who declared the only chance of escape to be across a frightful precipitous ravine. They followed him down this chasm, some sliding on their backs, others scrambling with one knee on the ground, holding by the branches of the trees, now others resting, others feeling their way with hands & feet. Roulat (their guide) made them take off their shoes, that they might the better perceive whether they placed their feet on anything capable of supporting them. In this manner they passed close to one of the French outposts. Some of their numbers let fall a small kettle, which rolling over the stones, made noise enough to disturb a French sentinel, who cried out - "Qui vive?" However, they made good their escape into the Val Pelice with the loss of only six killed. There, to their surprise & joy they were met with the news that the French & the Piedmontese had quarrelled, so they joined the army of the latter to fight against the common foe. This was the last persecution against the Kantons Vaudois; but it was not until the reign of the present king of Italy that they were allowed the same privilege as Roman Catholics.

We must now make our way northwards to

L19p12 cnc 34

to make covered ways as a protection against
the avalanches to which this part of the mt.
is exposed. The view from ^{which is a little beyond the} the summit
is very insignificant; the eye ranges over
the snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps, the
Jungfrau & the Durnach with their glaciers, the
great glaciers of Aletsch, & the deeper valley
of the Rhone. ~~A little above the summit -~~
is exposed to dreadful storms & there is here
an Hospice, where travellers overtaken by
storms are received by some brothers of
the Great Saint-Bernard. After a short
descent, the traveller enters the valley
of Comblanchien, nearly 5,000 feet above the sea.
After leaving Comblanchien, the road advances
towards the deep forges of the Doredo, the
most beautiful & awful part of the Comblanchien.
Here the rocky & perpendicular base of the
mountains approach closely, leaving only
space for the road & the foaming torrent-like
& there the Doredo fills the whole of the narrow
space, in such places the road is carried
through galleries cut in the rocks. When
the ravine narrows the mountains which
flank it appear to increase in height. The
road is sometimes scooped into the side
of the rocks. Sometimes it seems to
hang over the abyss; & where neither a
trench nor a gallery can be made on one
side, a bridge crosses the torrent, & ~~at times~~
is the road is carried forward on the other
side. Torrents are poured out from the
overhanging rocks in some places above
1,000 feet above the traveller. But the
wonder of this part of the road is the great
valley

them rich & independent. In 1797, on the
first time in its history, a small foreign
force made good a landing on the
quays of Venice. ^{French force under one of Napoleon's generals,} ~~the~~ ^{after} this
ancient & glorious republic was given
over to the dominion of Austria.

The most splendid part of Venice is the
Grande Piazza di San Marco, ^{of the Piazzetta which leads to it from the} ~~on one side~~
of the ^{east} ~~west~~ side of the old palace of the Doges; on the other
side are the beautiful Mint & the Library
of St. Mark, both modern looking buildings,
& on the sea shore, which forms the
fourth side, stand two magnificent
granite columns, each of a single block,
one crowned with the winged lion of St.
Mark in bronze, the other bearing the
statue of St. Theodore. Between these
columns in former times public
executions took place. Divided from
the Ducal palace by a narrow channel
is the city prison; a covered bridge
raised at high above the water links the
palace with the dungeons; & this is the famous
Bridge of Sighs over which ~~prisoners~~ ^{prisoners} ~~prisoners~~ ^{prisoners}
were wont to be led to look at or secret-
deaths, often for no greater fault than
that they bore a good name in the city
which excited the jealousy of the Doge.
The first sight of the Grand Square itself
is extremely striking, & in an instant
the traveller recognizes the change-looking
Church & the great ~~city~~ ^{city} belfry which views
Venice have made familiar to him. In
front of the church are three tall red poles
from which in former days, the flags of
Candia, Cyprus & the Morea, the three vassal
kingdoms of the haughty republic, floated on the

L19P14-1990-24

war; they allied themselves to greater powers
& fought - for the Pope on the one hand, or for
the German Emperor on the other. The
adherents of the Pope were ^{on the whole} called Guelphs, &
those of the Emperor, Gibelins. Every city
almost every citizen flour in one of
these barbarous denominations; but
whether a city declared itself Guelph or
Gibelin depended a good deal on the
side taken by some other city with which
it was allied. Thus Pisa & Florence, Padua
& Bologna, Cremona & Milan espoused
opposite parties. It is difficult for an
English reader to conceive of the state of things
which obtained, more or less, in Italy
from the eleventh to the end of the fifteenth
century. Our country affords more
than one sad instance of civil war, when
Englishmen have fought against English
men; but, for the great cities to be pitted
against one another, Birmingham against
Manchester, Liverpool against Leeds, - this
is a kind of warfare we happily know
nothing about. ~~Some towns~~ ^{hereby} ~~left by the~~
~~towns~~ ^{the} walls defend our cities which
are free & open to all comers because all who
come are friends; but imagine for a moment
all our great northern towns to be separate
states, republics, whose "volunteers" were
indeed employed as little armies, to
fight Newcastle against Carlisle, Sunderland
against South Shields, you will form
some idea of the condition of the ^{early} Italian
republics. To travel in Italy, or even to study its

L1915 CMC 74

of volcanic rock which intercepts the drainage. It is supposed that ^{the hot sunny days} gaseous emanations from the soil caused by the decaying vegetable matter which is prevented by the volcanic rock from escaping into the subsoil with the drainage. At least this is one of several theories offered to account for the malaria & its attendant 'Roman fever' which desolates so great a part of what should be the fairest & most fertile of European countries.

A curious experiment has been tried lately at the monastery of Le Fontaine (the fountain) ^{which is} at some little distance from Rome. The Eucalyptus tree, a remarkable evergreen which may be known by its rather leathery, pendulous, quivering foliage, is being a good deal cultivated in southern Europe on account of its value as a drainer of the soil & purifier of the atmosphere - a result partly brought about by the enormous evaporation which takes place from its leaves. The lands of the monastery of Le Fontaine ~~are~~ ^{are} now ^{like} oases in the midst of a sterile wilderness; here are meadows, vineyards & corn fields, carefully cultivated, &, coming close up to the building, almost a forest of Eucalypt trees. Before 1866 the Abbey was deserted; a single haggard-looking monk it is true, remained to show the place to visitors, but - he was obliged to return to Rome every night to sleep. Now the Abbey is inhabited by twenty more healthy brethren who sleep & live there contentedly. The change may be partly due to drainage but chiefly to the Eucalypt which the monks

in Florence he ~~thought~~ painted many
of his most famous pictures. Nowhere
perhaps is there a more precious collection
of treasures of art than in the Florentine
Museum; & besides these, there are valuable
picture galleries in several of the great palaces.
There are always many foreigners staying
in this delightful city, especially in the Spring
which is the pleasantest season. A traveller
says, "An evening snipe in an Italian
village at this season of nightingales song
is almost delicious treat." Night is the
most delightful period of the whole twenty four
hours, & the fire fly adds much to the charm
of the scene. The whole garden is illuminated
by myriads of these sparkling lights, sprinkled
about with no more profusion as sparks
on a lady's gown." ^{of all the flowers}
In the middle of the day all business is
suspended, & the shops are shut during the
hours allotted to the Siesta. It is in the
evening that the streets may be seen
swarming with all classes; then, the
workman puts on his good coat; takes
his guitar, & sallies forth to improvise.
In every Florentine can invent the late
or low song he sings as he goes on.
We cannot linger over the history of Florence,
one of the most turbulent states, yet
glorious swelling of the Italian republics,
whose nobles loved to gather round
them poet, painter, & philosopher; & thus
shows the annals of Florence as peopled
with some of the most famous names
in Italian story. Dante & Petrarch among
the poets, Michael Angelo & Leonardo da Vinci
among the painters, & Galileo, were all Florentines
by birth.

LPP 17 Cmc 24

colonial produce. Valona, a small town but
the chief port of Albania, ^{Monastir} Pristina & ^{Uchreda}
upon the lake of the same name, are towns
of some little importance.

Stamboul, & other Towns of Roumelie.

* "Even if we do not take part in the chant about
"Mosques & minarets" we can still yield praises to
Stamboul. We can chant about the harbour, we can
say & sing that nowhere else does the sea come coming
to a city; there are no pebbly shores, no sand bars,
no stony river beds, no black canals, no locks
nor docks to divide the very heart of the place
from the deepwaters. It being in the noisiest
part of Stamboul.